

SONGS for the 24th July.

FOR THE PIONEERS.

BY MISS E. R. SNOW.

Hail ye mighty, noble chieftains!
Hail ye faithful Pioneers!
Pow'rs unseen your footsteps guided,
'Twas Jehovah led you here.

CHORUS.

Zion's banner—Freedom's ensign,
Broad and gloriously unfurl'd;
Waves amid the Rocky Mountains—
Heav'nly beacon to the world.

From our birth-place, home and country,
Lo! a people brave and free;
Driv'n by men—by Gods directed
Here, in search of liberty.

In the hiding place of Israel—
In the chambers of the west;
Crown'd with nature's rich abundance,
In the vallies we are blest.

Justice here directs the sceptre—
Truth, and love and friendship meet;
Smiling peace, her downy carpet,
Proffers to the stranger's feet.

Here let virtue be respected—
Industry and useful toil—
Youth and innocence protected—
Like the plants of heav'nly soil.

Brigham Young, the Lord's anointed,
Lov'd of heav'n, and fear'd of hell;
Like Elijah's on Elisha,
Joseph's mantle on him fell.

Mighty men compose his councils—
Inspiration makes them wise;
None can circumscribe the measures
Zion's counsellors devise.

Here the hosts of Israel gather—
Abram's seed from ev'ry land;
Thro' the Priesthood's light preparing
With the Lord of Hosts to stand.

God will come to bless his people—
Jesus Christ and Joseph too;
Come to introduce a scenery
Great and glorious, grand and new.

FOR THE 24 YOUNG MEN.

BY JAMES BOND.

Hail to Freedom's celebration,
Hail the day of Liberty;
Earth shall hear the proclamation,
Zion's sons henceforth are free.

CHORUS.

We commemorate with gladness
Freedom's birth—the twenty-fourth;
Shout, ye saints! away with sadness,
We're the happiest on the earth.

Hail the day of our arrival
To the "everlasting hills;"
Here we find no jealous rival—
See how fast the bee-hive fills.

Then with songs of joy abounding,
We to heav'n our voices raise;
Lo! the vales and hills resounding,
Swell the happy notes of praise.

We are free from proud oppression,
Free from tyrants, mobs, and foes;
Sacred truth is our possession,
Here the milk and honey flows.

By the great Almighty guided,
By His revelations led;
We have gain'd the home provided,
Fearing none but Christ our head.

When the Lord in indignation
From the earth the wicked sweeps,
Here we find complete salvation,
Safely God His people keeps.

Yet through earth the call extending,
Here we bid the honest come;
Righteousness and truth defending,
We have made a holy home.

Come ye poor for freedom sighing—
Come from priestcraft's thralldom too,
Come, on Israel's God relying,
He will guide you safely through.

Kings, and potentates, and princes,
Yet shall come to Zion's light;
God, our King, the world convinces,
He is Zion's strength and might.

Thus unto the end enduring,
We our sacred rights maintain;
Peace and happiness securing,
Zion's King on earth will reign.

FOR THE 24 YOUNG LADIES.

BY MISS E. R. SNOW.

Long, long ago, when earth and time
Were in the morn of life,
All joyous in their lonely prime,
With fragrant beauty rife:
All nature then in order crown'd
With perfect harmony;
Luxuriant products cloth'd the ground,
O, there was liberty.

No veil obscured the world on high,
From those that dwell on earth;
But in the pathway of the sky,
They journey'd back and forth:
Then God and angels talked with men,
And woman too was free;
For both were pure and sinless then,
In perfect liberty.

The curse pursued transgression's track,
And man from God was driven,
Until the Priesthood brought him back
To do the will of heav'n.
We'll shout hosanna to the Lord,
For what is yet to be;
When men and earth will be restored
To God and liberty.

We see the light-house brightly blaze
Far o'er the boisterous wave;
With cheering prospects thus we gaze
On hopes beyond the grave:
For woman, if submissive here
To God and man's decree,
Restor'd, will fill a nobler sphere
In glorious liberty.

The Lord has set His gracious hand,
And by His mighty power
He led His people to this land,
Preparing for the hour:
For earth and time are growing old,
And soon eternity
Will to the pure in heart unfold
Celestial liberty.

A LIFE IN THE DESERT PLAINS.

BY W. W. PHELPS.

A life in the desert plains,—
A home in the mountain's breast,
Where the Indian rudely reigns,
And the hell is farther west.
Where the storm-king sorely rides,
In his flying, cloudy car,
With his nimble windy guides,
O'er the snow-capt mountains far.

Behold how the valley smiles!
The sky like a mirror's seen;
And the spotted mountain wilds
Is a world of evergreen:—
Where the hairy nations leap,
And the feather'd gentry soar,
In the clear blue upper deep,
As the rushing waters roar.

The rim where the mountains halt,
The space for the Basin State,
Was an ancient sea of salt,
When the Jaredites were great:—
But the pearls were rarely found,
As the oysters had to soar;
For the mighty waters round,
By the Lord were sent ashore.

The rocks in their lofty towers,
Are still when the tempest reigns,
But they speak in fiery showers,
When they cinder heap the plains:—
Hi'roglyphics tell a tale,
Of the ages gone before,
How the nations had to wail,
When their kingdoms were no more.

'Tis life in the desert lawn
To camp in the open air,
When the day is nearly gone,
For the boys to fix their fare.
How the wood and water's took,
With a thousand jolly jokes,
While the cakes and meat do cook,
And the saucy fire—IT SMOKES.

'Tis life in a desert storm,
To lay in the sand or snow,
With a little fire to warm,
As the winds unceasing blow.
While the busy fancy paints
The awful what's to come—
But dismissing all complaints,
What a blessed place is home!

'Tis life for the desert cheer,
To hunt a grizzly bear,
When the wolves are howling near,
As they claim a mountain share.
But the bear comes whirling up,
And the thoughts of death and fun,
With a chance to shoot or slope,
Is a—bang! and Cuffee's done.

'Tis life that the desert lends,
To think of the joys to come,
When we meet our wives and friends,
As they greet us welcome home:
In that day of living cheers
When the parting cometh not,
We'll sing of the Pioneers,
When the world's forgot—forgot.

OH COME, COME TO-DAY.

BY W. W. PHELPS.

Oh come, come to-day, where plenty smiles
to please us;
Let labor cease, and joy increase,
When God says obey;
Come, come to praise the Lord awhile,
And here where faith and friendship smile,
Let not a sin defile,—
Oh come, come to-day.

To feast and express our gratitude to Jesus,
Who gave us birth upon this earth,
And life time to stay—
Oh come where truth will gladden thee,
And luminate eternity,
And please hearts happily,
Oh come, come to-day.

One spot on the earth, is "free" to Mormon
virtue,
And may it gain a wider reign,
As sin melts away;
Where happy men, and women, too,
With what the Gentiles never knew,
Can know just what to do,
Oh come, come to-day.

All over the globe good deeds will never
hurt you,
But make you great, in church and state,
Where truth bears the sway;
Like as it were, at Noah's flood,
The prophets' voice, and martyrs' blood,
By saints are understood,
Oh come, come to-day.

While old Babylon the wicked world's be-
guiling,
With Lucifer to tickle her,
And drink—watch and pray;
In thrilling tones of harmony,
We'll manifest our constancy,
In God, truth, liberty,
Oh come, come to-day.

The great day has come, with saints and an-
gels smiling,
With prophets true, and light anew,
To point out the way;
Come bring in tithing for reward,
From treasures you have freely stor'd,
And gain life from the Lord,
Oh come, come to-day.

THE UNION.

BY HOMER.

The North and the South do agree,
That union is strength to the whole;
But mark the elections and see
How union doth govern the poll.

The whigs with great energy cry,
Their doctrines have long stood the test,
The democrats give them the lie,
Politicians say 'tis for the best.
CHORUS:—The North and the South, &c.

Let slaves in the South be set free—
Is the cry from the Northern States;
The union in danger must be,
When the South the poor fugitive takes.

Anti-Renters in Matty have found
A tool that will work to their will;
A Benton will always be found
To act the proud demagogue still.

A whig in the President's chair,
The democrats watching him close;
A Seward will also be there,
With a slaveholder close by his nose.

Anti-Renters will also be near—
Not to pay for the lands that they claim—
But to seek for a chance in the chair,
That Benton and Matty may reign.

The "Natives" must ne'er be forgot,
Nor the mobbers of Western States;
It's the place where they all have a lot,
Like birds they all will have their mates.

Like cats of Kilkenny they seem,
That were tied by the tails as they say;
Each thinks that the other has been
The one that lies right in the way.

They cry, and they scratch, and they bite,
They quarrel while hung on the rails;
The union is safe in the fight,
There'll be nothing left but their tails.

The union is safe in their hands,
They all seek to honor the laws;
A Washington monument stands
A proof of the glorious cause.

